

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — EDITOR.

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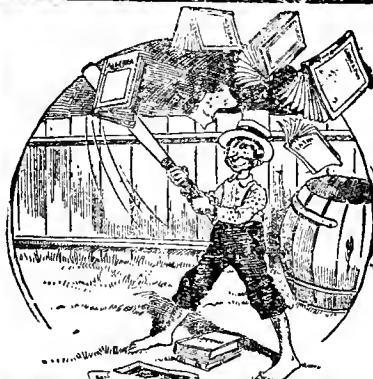
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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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No. 17

JAELE AND SISERA.

THE incident portrayed in our picture is recorded in the Old Testament, in the fourth chapter of the Book of Judges.

In the days when Deborah, the prophetess, judged Israel, the Israelites were in bondage to Jabin, king of Canaan. A cruel man named Sisera was at the head of Ja-

bin's army, and he did all he could to afflict the people of Israel. In their distress, however, the Israelites turned from their evil ways, and cried unto the Lord, and he mercifully heard their prayer and sent them a deliverer through the Prophetess Deborah. She called Barak, the head



JAELE SLAYING SISERA.

of the Israelitish army, to her, and told him that he was to go to battle against the Canaanites, and that the Lord would deliver Sisera into his hands, although Barak was told that the triumph of the capture would not come to him but to a woman.

Barak obeyed the word of the Lord, and went up against Sisera in such power that that great warrior and his hosts fled before the army of Israel.

In his flight Sisera came to the tent of Heber the Kenite, which was situated on the outskirts of Canaan, and Heber was known to be friendly with King Jabin,

Jael, the wife of Heber, invited Sisera to enter the tent. She gave him refreshment and he sank to rest. She then stole up to him and drove a nail (or tent pin) through his temple with a hammer, and thus caused his death.

The army of Barak approached in pursuit of Sisera, and Jael called to the men to come and see him whom they sought.

The people of Israel rejoiced greatly at their deliverance, and one of the most beautiful songs found in the Bible was sung by Deborah and Barak with these events for its subject. (Judges 5th chapter.)

THE PRE-EXISTENCE OF MAN.

(BASED ON THE WRITINGS OF ELDER ORSON PRATT.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 488.)



ALLEN beings beget children whose bodies are constituted of flesh and bones, being formed out of the blood circulating in the veins of the parents. Celestial beings beget children composed of the fluid which circulates in their veins, which is spiritual, therefore their children must be spirits, and not flesh and bones. This is the origin of our spiritual organization in heaven. The spirits of all mankind, destined for this earth, were begotten by a father, and born of a mother in heaven, long anterior to the formation of this world. The personages of the father and mother of our spirits, had beginning to their organization, but the fulness of truth that dwells in them, had no beginning; being "from everlasting to everlasting." (Psalm 90: 2.)

In the heaven where our spirits were born, there are many Gods. As soon as each God has begotten so many spirits that His heavenly inheritance becomes too

small to comfortably accommodate His great family, He, in connection with His sons, organizes a new world, after a similar order to the one which we now inhabit, where He sends His spiritual offspring to inhabit tabernacles of flesh and bones. Thus each One forms a world for the accommodation of His sons and daughters, who are sent forth in their times and seasons and generations to be born into the same. The inhabitants of each world are required to reverence, adore, and worship the Father of their spirits, who dwells in the heaven which they formerly inhabited.

The number of the sons and daughters of God, born in heaven before this earth was formed, is not known to us. They must have been exceedingly numerous, as may be perceived by taking into consideration the vast numbers which have already come from heaven, and peopled our planet, during the past six thousand years.

Each Father gives laws to his family, adapted to the degree of knowledge which they possess. The laws given to impart

the ideas of right and wrong to infant spirits, are of a more simple nature than those ordained for the government of spirits after they have acquired this knowledge. Each law has its appropriate penalty affixed, according to the nature of the law and the amount of knowledge possessed by the beings whom it is intended to govern. The penalties or chastisements upon infant or youthful spirits, while learning to distinguish between virtue and vice, are not as severe as those inflicted upon disobedient spirits who have already acquired these ideas. After having learned the nature of right and wrong in some things, laws will be given teaching them their duties towards their parents and towards each other as brother and sister spirits, and towards the angels who are servants to their parents, and towards other Gods and their children and servants who reside in the same heaven. Also, some spirits will be many thousand years older than others; and therefore, if they have been diligent in observing the laws given to them, they will be far more intelligent than their younger brethren. For instance, Jesus, being "the First Born of every creature," would have many millions of years experience in advance of his younger brethren, providing that they were all begotten by the same Father. Now those that were born soon after Him, would have nearly the same amount of experience. And it is reasonable to suppose that these spirits would be divided into classes, according to their age and the knowledge they had gained through obedience to the laws of their father, and that lessons of instruction would be imparted to each class, and still higher laws be unfolded, to govern them, and that as their knowledge increased, so would their responsibilities also increase.

The period of time required to educate spirits seems to have been of far greater duration than the period allotted to us in our second estate. Some of the older spirits

must have existed millions of years in their first estate, before they were privileged to enter this world. Now during this vast period they must have had ample opportunity of becoming already learned in all the laws of spiritual existence. Dwelling in the presence of their Father, and having access to all His servants, the angels, and the privileges of associating with the Gods who resided in the same heaven, and who were of the same order as their Father, they must have had facilities for acquiring information far beyond anything enjoyed in this probation. In that high and heavenly school they had the opportunities of inquiring of their Father all about the elements of which the worlds were constructed, and how these elements acted upon one another, and concerning all the infinity of laws which had been given to govern them in their action, their combinations, their unions, and their organizations; and in fine, they must have been instructed in all the art and science of world-making.

There were some things, however, which these spirits could not learn while they remained in their first estate; they could not learn the feelings and sensations of spirits embodied in tabernacles of flesh and bones. An idea of these feelings and sensations could only be obtained by actual experience. They might be described to them, and yet without being placed in a condition to experience them for themselves, they never could form any ideas concerning them. This may be illustrated by supposing an infant to be born in a dungeon where not the least ray of light was ever permitted to enter. This infant might grow up to manhood, with the organs of vision perfect, but he would have no idea of the sensation of seeing—he could form no conception of light, or of the beauty of the various colors of light. These feelings could only be learned by actual experience; then, and not till then, would he know anything about it. So, likewise, there are

many feelings and sensations arising from the intimate connexion of spirits with flesh and bones, that can only be learned by experience.

There are two different kinds of knowledge; one kind is obtained from reason and reflection, of which self-evident truths are the foundation; the other kind is gained by sensation or experience. The ideas relating to the first kind are obtained by comparing truths with truths; hence they are acquired by spirits in this manner, and can be communicated to them independent of experience. The ideas of the latter kind cannot be obtained by reasoning or reflection; they can only be learned by experience. Spirits therefore, can advance to the highest degree of knowledge in some things, while in others they must remain in circumstances to learn them by experience. Now there are many experimental truths which are just as necessary to be learned as truths of a different nature, and without the knowledge of which an intelligent being could never be perfected in happiness and glory; hence it becomes necessary that these spirits should enter bodies of flesh and bones, that they by experience may learn things which could not be learned in the spiritual state. None of these spirits are permitted to have tabernacles of flesh if they have violated the laws of their first estate and altogether turned therefrom; for if they will not abide in the laws of the spiritual state, and hold sacred the knowledge therein gained, their Father will not entrust them with the knowledge to be gained in the second estate. If they keep not the first estate, they will not be permitted to enter upon the second; and this is their torment, because they are held back and are prohibited from advancing in knowledge and glory with the rest of the family who have been faithful.

That there has been a rebellion among these spirits, is evident from the Scriptures. The Apostle John says, "And there appear-

ed another wonder in heaven; and behold, a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads, and his tail drew the third part of heaven, and did cast them to the earth." "And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was there place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called, the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." (Rev. 12: 3, 4, 7, 8, 9.) The name of the being who headed this rebellion was called "Dragon," "Serpent," "Devil," or "Satan;" the place where the war commenced, was heaven; the persons engaged with the Devil were "his angels," called "the stars of heaven;" the number of Satan's army was "the third part of the stars of heaven" or of "the angels," the other two thirds were headed by Michael: the Devil's army was banished from heaven to the earth. Some, perhaps, may imagine that these angels were beings who had been redeemed from some former world, and afterwards rebelled; but if this were the case, they would not be evil spirits, but would be evil beings, having flesh and bones, and consequently would be unable to enter into the tabernacles of human beings; but as many of them frequently have entered into one person, it shows most clearly that they are spirits. Others, perhaps, may imagine that these fallen angels are the spirits of evil men who have died on some former world, and whose bodies have never been raised; but this conjecture would not harmonize with the plan pursued in regard to the wicked of this creation, who are all to be raised from the dead, and their spirits and bodies to be re-united; neither would it harmonize with the testimony of the Apostle Jude, who says, "The angels which kept not their first estate, but left their

own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." (Jude, verse 6.) This passage proves that fallen angels are those who were on trial in their first estate. Angels do not receive fleshly bodies until they enter their second estate, consequently those in the first estate must be spirits. That these angels were spirits pertaining to this creation, and not to a former one, is shown from the fact, that they are reserved "in chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." If they

had lived in a first estate, preceding the one where our spirits were on trial, then they would have been judged on a previous world, but their judgment day has not yet come but will come at the end of the earth, or at the time when the wicked of this world are judged. If, then, they are to receive a judgment in connection with the inhabitants of this earth, they must have formed a portion of the same family in the first estate, and did not have an origin anterior to the family designed for this earth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SELECTED POEMS.

MY WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place, or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray:
"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.



SPEECH.

Talk Happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And talk of them to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one's continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk Faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so—if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts, till faith shall
come.

No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk Health. The dreary, never-ending tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please,
By harping on the minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them
true.



HERALDS OF HEAVEN.

Not in the cell monastic, nor in the cloistered shade,
Are the heroes of the Covenant which God with
man hath made;
But in the world's arena, facing the conflict dire,
Helping the people onward, lifting the nations higher.

KINDERGARTEN

Edited By Donnette Smith Kastler and Rebecca Morris.

FIRST SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1906.

Thought for teacher: Forgiveness.

1. **Song—Selected.**
- 2 **The Lord's Prayer.**
3. **Song—Selected.**
4. **Morning Talk.**

We have had a long, warm summer, and even now the days are quite warm, but they will begin to get cooler and shorter. The sun will stay a shorter time each day, until we will see that it gets dark by our supper time. The trees are beginning to look very dry and faded and many of our pretty summer flowers are blooming no

more, there are many other flowers still in our gardens, but they too are beginning to fade and look tired. Our mothers are very busy these days putting up fruit, so that we can have it in the winter, our brothers and sisters, too, will soon be busy at school, for it will soon be time for school to begin again, after a long, happy summer. We have many of our children back again, they have been away with their parents in the mountains, or visiting somewhere, perhaps. We are always glad to have any of our little friends back again, we like to have you all here every Sunday, and now that the summer is going let us see if we can all come every Sunday.

5.—GOOD MORNING SONG.

Words and Music by Gertrude Walker.

Quietly.

This is how, all through the night, Little eyes were folded tight, Lit-tle hands and
lit - tle feet Rested long in slnmbor sweet. Softly creeping, comes the sun
And it rouses ev - ery one, Up the lit - tle children rise, Rubbing o - pen

Faster.

sleepy eyes. "Good-morning!" cheerful faces say, "We're glad to see you,
 happy day!" "Good morning!" merry voices ring, "To all good morning now we sing!"

When you teach this little song you can get gestures from the children and you can suggest some yourself, such as closing the eyes and leaning the head over on the folded hands, the feet together quietly; then sit up and have the hands over the head to represent the rising sun, and gently touch the children about you, as it "rouses every one," all stand up, rub the eyes and all take hold of hands and shake them, singing brightly, "We're glad to see you," etc.

6. Bible story, "Joseph Sold into Egypt." Gen. xxxvii.

Long ago there lived a man who had twelve sons. The youngest one was a little boy when the others were grown men; his name was Benjamin.

Little Benjamin stayed at home with his father while the other brothers were at work. The brother next to Benjamin was named Joseph. His father loved him best of all his children, for Joseph was a very good boy. This made the other brothers hate him very much.

One day Jacob, the father of all the boys, gave to his son Joseph a beautiful new coat. It was made of many pretty

striped pieces of cloth; and the stripes were of many bright colors. Joseph was so pleased with the coat, but his brothers were very angry about it, and they said many cruel things about Joseph.

Jacob, the father, owned many, many sheep, and the older brothers had to herd them. The sheep had been taken to a pasture so far away that the brothers could not come home every day.

One day Joseph's father called him and said, "I want you to go and see how your brothers are, and if the sheep are doing well."

It was quite a long trip, and Joseph did not know the way. He got lost once, but he met a man who told him where his brothers were.

When the brothers saw him coming they said, "Let us kill him and throw him into some pit." One brother was kinder than the others and he said, "Oh, no, do not kill him. Just put him down in the pit and leave him there alone." And then this brother thought to himself that he would help Joseph out when the others had gone.

When Joseph came near, his wicked brothers took him and pulled off his pretty

coat. They then put him into a pit where there had been some water. They thought that if they left him there that he would die.

Soon some men with camels came along; they were going to another country called Egypt, and were carrying many things which they expected to sell there.

this. The bad brothers killed a goat, and then they put Joseph's pretty coat of many colors in the blood. Thus they sent the coat home to their father to have him think that his beloved boy had been killed by some wild animal. The poor father was nearly heart broken when he saw the



JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BROTHERS.

One of the brothers said, "Let us sell Joseph to these men, and they can sell him in Egypt as a slave."

So they took him from the deep pit and sold him for twenty pieces of gold. The one kind brother was away when they did

coat, he put his hands over his eyes and cried for a long time. Little Benjamin cried too, for he loved Joseph very much.

Poor Joseph must have felt sad when the strange men started away with him upon a long journey.

When they reached Egypt these men sold Joseph to one of the king's soldiers.

Joseph lived in this officer's house and worked for him, he did his best to please his new master, and his master was very pleased, and he loved Joseph very much.

7. Rest Exercise—selected.

8. Story.

TWO TRUE FRIENDS.

Once upon a time there was a man who had seven sons, they were all large boys but one, and he was only six years old. His father loved him dearly, for he was so honest and truthful all the time. The other boys were not very honest, nor did they always tell the truth.

The large brothers were not very nice to their small brother, they teased him a great deal, and very often they would take him away out into the woods and leave him to come home as best he could. And had it not been for his own little dog he might never have found the way home.

One day one of the brothers said, "Let's take James out into the woods today and let us leave Lippo, his dog, at home, and then he won't come back so easy."

That was a wicked thing for one brother to say, but it was much worse when the other brothers said they too "thought it would be a good thing to do."

So one day they took their little brother James out into the woods, after having tied his dog Lippo to a tree at home; they walked for a long way until the little boy was so tired he sat down to rest and before long was sound asleep.

He must have slept a very long time, for when he woke he found it was quite dark and he did not know which way to go. He called for his dog, but Lippo could not hear, for he was a long way from little James. It grew very dark, and one by one the bright stars came out and seemed to tell James not to be afraid. He was not afraid of the dark, and after he prayed he

was not afraid of anything. By and by he heard a queer little noise that sounded very much like the tinkle, tinkle of the bell which hung from Lippo's neck. He listened again and again, and still he heard the tinkle, tinkle, and then as it came nearer he heard four little feet go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. He called out to his little dog, "Oh, Lippo, Lippo, here I am." And his own true Lippo bounded right into his arms. My! how his dog licked his face and hands, and how James patted and stroked Lippo's back; for those two loved each other very much. And James knew that although his dog had been tied he would find him.

Next morning James and Lippo started out to find their home. They walked for a long time, but only seemed to go farther away. At length they came to a river, and James told Lippo that they must swim across. So he took off his clothes and tied them up in a small bundle and gave it to his dog. Then they both jumped into the river and after a hard effort, reached the other side. They sat and rested for a long time and then walked on through the woods for a long time. They came to a small house and James went to the door and knocked gently.

"Come in," said a voice. And he opened the door and went in, and there sat a little old woman all alone.

"Could you spare us a crust of bread?" said James, "my dog and I are very tired and hungry."

"Yes, my boy," said the woman; "and here is some nice fresh milk."

James and Lippo were so thankful for the food, that all the afternoon James gathered wood and cleaned the yard around the house, and when it was finished he started to go.

"Won't you stay all night, little man," said the woman. "I have no little boy, and would like to have you."

"May Lippo stay too?" asked James for I could not stay without him."

"Yes you may both stay as long as you wish," she said.

So they stayed in the little house for a long, long time, and James told the little woman of the brothers who had taken him to the woods and lost him, and of how his faithful dog had found him that dark night. So time passed on, and James and Lippo lived many years with the little old woman in the woods.

James grew to be a man, he was married and had a lovely little daughter. One day the little daughter was playing in the garden, when some old strange looking men came up and asked if her father was at home. She told them he was and hurried in to call him.

The men talked together and said how much that little girl looked like their little brother James whom they had left in the woods many years ago. The tears came into their eyes as they spoke of him, for they had looked many years for that little brother and now they saw him coming towards them a grown man. James reached out his hand to them and asked them into his home where they could rest and have some food. But the men could not go in, nor could they speak for a little while. Then they told James of the many years they had looked for him, and of the sorrow they had felt for what they did.

James must have forgiven them truly, for they went into his home and they stayed there for a long time, and they loved their little brother so much that everything they did was to make him happy. And his little girl loved these men very much. And one day her father told her that these men were her own uncles; but he never told her all the story, for he had forgiven them, and so he tried to forget.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Exercises.

SECOND SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1906.

1. Song—Selected.

2. The Lord's Prayer.

3. Hymn.

4. Good morning song given for Sunday last. Review the words all over again.

5. Morning Talk.

Arrange one for yourself and allow the children to tell of some of the things their parents are doing at home.

6. Bible Story.

Joseph sold into Egypt. Review quickly the first part of the story.

II.

There was a time when all the crops in Egypt failed year after year. If this had kept on there would soon have been nothing for the people to eat. For you know much of our food is raised from the ground.

The king wanted to have some wise man tell him what to do. He had heard of Joseph, and so he sent for him. Joseph told the king to buy all the corn and grain he could and put it away in storehouses. Then, when any of the people needed food, they could come to the king, who would give them some.

The king was well pleased with what Joseph said. But he knew that he must have a very good man to gather and take care of the grain and give it out to the poor people as they needed it. He therefore asked Joseph if he would do it for him, for he well knew he could trust Joseph.

So Joseph became a very great man in the land of Egypt, for he had charge of the king's storehouses. And he went about buying all the grain that he could and took it back to store in the king's storehouse. There was at that time much grain throughout the land and then there came a time when grain and corn would not grow, and then the people became very hungry and cried for food to the king. The king told them to go to Joseph and they did, thus Joseph became very dear to all the people for he gave out to them corn and grain with which they could make bread.

7. Rest Exercise.—Visiting Game.

We go a - cross the street, Our neighbors dear to greet, We who
 live just o - ver the way, Have come to wish you a hap - py day. How do you do?

This little game can be played as a finger play, having the hands up at each side and very slowly move one over to the other as you sing, "We go across the street," etc., then have the fingers bow "How do you do." You can also have the children five on one side of the room or circle, and five on the other, and let one group go at a time "across the street, this neighbor dear to meet," and as they sing "How do you do" they can shake hands with their opposite neighbor.

8. Story Selected.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Exercises.

THIRD SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1906.

1. Song. "This is How all Through the Night."
2. Hymn.
3. The Lord's Prayer.
4. Song. Selected.
5. Morning Talk.

Many months ago we had spring, the time when the flowers, trees, bees, birds and all of nature's little children wake up after a long winter's nap. Then, when everything was wide awake and the sun was warm and bright, it was summer, but at this time it is summer no more, for

everything now is beginning to get ready for a long sleep and rest, so we call these days the Fall. In the fall all the fruit that has been on the trees during the summer is ripe and ready to be picked and taken care of.

The nights are much cooler now, we have more clothes on our bed at night, and we wear some warmer clothes in the day-time too. We cannot play out very late now, for it gets quite dark early. And if you will watch the sun closely when it sets you will see that it goes farther south all the time.

The birds love the sun, for they always go down south to where they can have lots of sunshine. The birds fly away to stay for a long time, the flowers don't go away, but go to sleep until the spring sun comes back here again.

Review the Nature's Goodnight, as given before. Hill, page 28.

6. Bible Story.

Joseph sold into Egypt. Review the two previous lessons quickly.

III.

In the country where Joseph's father and brothers lived it did not rain at this time.

Their crops of grain did not grow. Their sheep all died because there was no rain to make the grass grow.

Soon they had but little to eat. They

knew not what to do. At length they heard of the king's storehouses in Egypt and that there was plenty of corn there.

The old father said, "My sons you must



JOSEPH MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS BROTHERS.

go to Egypt and buy some of the king's corn. Benjamin, the lad, may stay here with me."

So the brothers went to Egypt. They had to travel for a long time, but at last arrived there. They went to the storehouse to buy corn, and there was Joseph. Joseph had grown to be a man now, and the brothers did not know him; but he knew them. They bowed before him, for they knew he was the king's man and wished to please him. They asked for the corn, and when their sacks had been filled they started to go, when Joseph asked them to stay and tell him about their home.

They told him of their old father and of Benjamin, their younger brother. Joseph listened well to all they said, and then gave them their corn and told them to return to their father and that the next time they came they must bring their small

brother with them. If they did not, they could have no more corn.

After awhile Joseph's father and brothers needed more corn. The brothers knew that they must take Benjamin in order to get any more. So they started off, and when they reached Egypt Joseph had them come to his house to a great feast. He was so glad to see Benjamin.

"How is your father?" he asked.

"He is well," said the brothers.

The brothers were afraid at first, for they could not understand why Joseph should be so kind to them, and then they spoke of the way that Joseph had given them corn "for nothing, putting their money back in their sacks. They could not understand it at all.

After awhile Joseph told them that he was their brother whom they had sold many years ago to strange men. The brothers knelt down to Joseph, for they were very sorry indeed for what they did.

Joseph told them to go back home and tell their father, and for them to bring him and come to Egypt to live.

Then Joseph told the king, and the king was pleased and said, "They shall live in my country and have plenty."

The brothers were ashamed of what they had done; but Joseph was so glad to see them all, he forgave them. And when they returned with their father they were all so happy to be together again. And Joseph took his father to see the king, who was called Pharaoh. So they all lived in the land of Egypt.

7. Rest Exercise. Visiting Game.

8. Story. Have one of the children select one.

9. Children's Period.

10 Closing Exercises.

Very often one of the children



JOSEPH AND HIS FATHER VISIT KING PHARAOH.

has had a birthday during the past week, and it is nice to honor it in some way. You ask the little birthday child to stand at the door and have all the little children shake his or her hand, as they leave for home.

PARTING SONG.

Our work and play are over, We stay no longer here; Good-bye to all our playmates, Good-bye to all so dear! Good-bye! Good-bye!

CURRENT TOPICS.

SOCIALISM.

THE question is sometimes asked: "What is the attitude of the Church on the question of socialism?" That all depends upon what is meant by socialism—a term that is very indefinite and very elastic. Socialism is made to include the extreme, almost anarchistic, dogmas of certain political bodies in Europe as well as the harmless questions of the part our federal and state government should take in the control of certain commercial interests, such as telegraphs and railroads. So long as socialistic doctrines are confined to questions that deal with the peaceful enlargement of the rights of the people and with commercial interests which it is believed the government should control, there is certainly no objection to their propagation. When, however, socialism

encourages violence and the disregard for the wise and established principles of human government, it should be discouraged.

What seems to be at present the greatest danger in socialism in this country is the refuge and encouragement it gives to a certain class of firebrands that would enkindle in the human passions in hours of extremity the most violent and dangerous feelings. When socialism becomes better defined than it is now, when its party has wise and prudent leaders, it will be easier to determine what our attitude as Latter-day Saints should be towards it. As long as socialism is a mixture of contentions for peaceful and violent readjustments in our social and political life, we are justified in awaiting a more clear definition of socialism than we now have.

The possibilities of its doctrines carry

with them grave dangers, and some of its leaders are not men whom prudent and conservative citizens should wish to follow. The evils taking root in our political and commercial institutions are not underestimated, and their remedy is one of grave concern to every thoughtful person. It is quite true that many excellent men advocate a socialism that is temperate and rational, but as long as there are socialisms and socialisms, we may be pardoned if we wait till we know not only what socialism really is, but what it is likely to become before giving its doctrines our encouragement. On questions of well defined political differences, every citizen should of course, exercise his judgment untrammeled.

Modern socialism is colored by nationalism. There is German socialism, French socialism, and the more conservative socialism of this country. It is not easy to determine, however, what influence the radical leaders of socialistic doctrines in

Germany or France may have upon the socialism of the United States. That socialism is taking a continually deeper and more radical hold upon this country is very evident from recent agitations in the United States. President Roosevelt, for his recommendation of a graduated inheritance tax that shall limit colossal private fortunes, has been denounced as a socialist. Such denunciation simply indicates what in the minds of a large class of people socialism means; that is, something radical, which is intended to overthrow the well established principles of our government in disregard of the individual rights of men. The socialism, however, of President Roosevelt and the socialism of Mr. Debs are very different in their fundamental statements as well as in their natural tendencies. One deals with evils in a conservative spirit, the other in a spirit of violence.

THE POSTAL CARD FAD.

THE book dealers and stationers in every city in the land are now completely stocked with postal cards containing all kinds of pictures and almost every conceivable expression. Some of these cards are really beautiful and artistic; others are ingenious and witty, while others are absolutely void of even the common marks of decency, portraying thoughts of a degrading, ignorant nature, rather than ideas of a refined and intelligent character. Because cards of this type are on the market for sale, it does not follow that they are all fit to be sent through the mails; and people using them should be careful to distinguish between the propriety and impropriety of using certain cards, and especially should they avoid sending those of a low, degrading character. The fact that the sender's name is sometimes withheld from

the public, and initials known only to the addressee used, does not excuse the practice, for the fact still remains that the act is a tainted reflection upon the sender, and not infrequently is the receiver of the missive embarrassed, if not disgusted, when the postmaster hands out a postal card carrying imprints that are beneath the dignity of a refined and cultured mind. Surely the postmaster's opinion is not very exalted of either the sender or the receiver. The card itself speaks for the tastes of the person sending the card, and the fact that a man is judged by the company he keeps, supports the unfavorable reflection upon the one who receives it. People who fall in line with the postal card fad should use their best judgment, both in selecting cards, and in sending them, either with or without cover.—*Elders' Journal.*



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - SEPTEMBER 1, 1906

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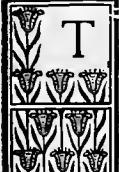
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IT WOULD MAKE A DIFFERENCE.



HE recent trial of Mr. Crapsey whose position as a minister in the Episcopal church has been taken from him because of his denial of the miraculous birth and physical resurrection of Jesus, has led to the discussion of these two facts given by the Evangelists in their account of the Master's life and mission. The editor of a leading journal, the *Outlook*, which discusses extensively religious problems, says: "The divinity of Christianity does not depend on any theory of Christ's physical resurrection. It is attested by the history of the Christ spirit winning its way in spite of the gross misapprehension of that spirit within the church and bitter opposition to it without."

Continuing, the same writer concludes: "If it could be scientifically demonstrated that Joseph Smith was supernaturally born and raised from the dead, that would afford no reason for accepting Mormonism. If it could be scientifically proved that Jesus Christ was not supernaturally born and not supernaturally raised from the dead, it would afford no reason for rejecting Christianity."

It is very certain that the spirit of Christ won its way in the world because of His divine character. Take from His life the extraordinary powers manifested in His birth and resurrection, make Him a mere moralist, and you rob the real Christianity of the great influence it has exercised upon the lives of so many millions. The resurrection of the actual body of Jesus is the paramount fact of His life. Upon it is based the profoundest hope of true Christianity—the hope of immortality and eternal lives.

It would certainly make a difference if Christ could be scientifically proven to be something different from what He declared Himself to be—a physically resurrected being. It would be making the spirit of falsehood win its way in the world. All this effort of modern writers and of many ministers in the pulpit to discredit the facts of the actual resurrection of Jesus is but a repetition of the old argument against the union of the body and the soul after death. It is an instance of the growing disposition to set up rationalistic theories about what it is impossible for us to understand touching the union of the body and the spirit after death and the facts of Christ's resurrection as given by the Evangelists.

The very men who profess the exercise of faith, and whose business it is to promote faith in the hearts of their fellows, are the first to set limits upon faith when it has to do with things which reason cannot solve. The miraculous elements and facts of Christ's life are in perfect accord with the miraculous elements of man's nature. The mysteries which God has so abundantly implanted in the nature of man are supported and cherished by the mysteries of His providence. His miraculous ways are fountains of life to the famishing nature of man.

Such reasoning as that given in the quotation illustrates a prevalent disposition to forsake the authority of Christ's words and of the words of His Apostles, and to substitute for it rationalism. The question, then, after all, narrows itself down to this: will rationalism win, or will the authority of Christ and those who speak through and for Him prevail? In short, authority in religion is fast becoming a paramount issue.

So far as Joseph Smith is concerned, a scientific demonstration that he was supernaturally born and supernaturally raised from the dead would be at variance with the authority of his repeated testimonies, and would therefore make him a falsifier. That would be a reason for discrediting "Mormonism." It is the Spirit which bears witness to the testimony of his words and mission that gives all Latter-day Saints assurance that "Mormonism" is true, just as it is the spirit born of faith which gives them an equal assurance that Christ's wonderful birth and resurrection are accomplished facts.

Joseph F. Smith.



CHANGE IN STAKE SUPERINTENDENCY.—At the quarterly conference of the Cassia Stake of Zion, held August 4th, the Stake-Sunday School Board was reorganized with Elder Reese M. Harper as Stake Superintendent, and Elders Geo. H. Severe and Moses Smith as Assistant Superintendents.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

B. What should be taught in the home.

1. Love.
2. Obedience.
3. Virtue.
4. Reverence and deference.
5. Honesty.

(a) In thought.

1. "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Proverbs 23: 7.

2. "Who dares think one thing and another tell,

My heart detests him as the gates of hell."—Pope.

3. "When about to commit a base deed, respect thyself though there is no witness."

—Ansonius.

4. "The man who pauses in his honesty wants little of a villain."—J. Martyn.

5. "Do not consider anything for your interest which makes you break your word, quit your modesty or incline you to any practice which will not bear the light or look the world in the face."—Marcus Antonius.

(b) In word.

1. "Falsehood is cowardice, truth is courage."—Ballou.

2. "Oh, what a tangled web we weave, When first we practice to deceive."

—Scott.

3. "He that does one fault at first and lies to hide it, makes it two."—Watts.

4. "He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, is himself a knave."—Berkley.

5. "Having your conversation honest

among the Gentiles; that, whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may by your good works which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation.'—I Peter, 2: 12.

6. "I hate the man who builds his fame on the ruins of another."—Gay.

7. "His promises were mighty, but his performances nothing."—Shakespeare.

8. "For what is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul?"—Job 27: 8.

9. "Deceit is the false road to happiness; and all the joys we travel to through vice, like fairy bouquets, vanish when we touch them."—A. Hill.

10. "We never deceive for a good purpose; knavery adds malice to falsehood."—Bruyers.

11. "Our double dealing generally comes down upon ourselves. To speak or act a lie, is alike contemptible in the sight of God and man."—Everton.

(c) In deed.

1. "Thou shalt not steal."—Ex. 20: 15.

2. "That which is won ill, will never wear well, for there is a curse attends it which will waste it."—N. Henry.

3. "An honest man is the noblest work of God."—Pope.

4. "True honesty takes into account the claims of God, as well as those of man; it renders to God the things that are God's, as well as to man the things that are man's."—C. Simmons.

5. "He that departs from his own honesty for vulgar praise, does it too dearly buy."—Ben Johnson.

(d) As to ourselves.

1. Socrates being asked the way to honest fame, said, "Study to be what you wish to seem."

2. "Honesty is the best policy; but he who acts only on that principle is not an honest man. No one is habitually guided by it in practice. An honest man is al-

ways before it, and a knave is generally behind it."—Whately.

3. "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world."—Carlyle.

4. "All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature."—Montaigne.

5. "Lands mortgaged may return, but honesty once pawned is ne'er redeemed."—Middleton.

6. "If honesty did not exist, we ought to invent it as the best means to get rich."—Mirabeau.

7. "Everything that thou reprovest in another, thou must most carefully avoid in thyself."—Cicero.

8. "Were we to take as much pains to do what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves without being at the trouble of any disguise at all."—Rochefoucauld.

(e) As to our neighbors.

1. "So grasping is dishonesty, that it is no respector of persons; it will cheat friends as well as foes; and were it possible would cheat even God Himself."—Bancroft.

2. "Your word is as good as the bank."—Holcroft.

3. "Honor is not won until some honorable deed is done."—Marlowe.

4. "Money dishonestly acquired is never worth its cost. while a good conscience never costs as much as it is worth."—J. P. Senn.

5. "Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once; this forever."—Chilo.

(f) As to the public.

1. "The same standard of honesty should obtain in public as in private affairs."

2. "It would be an unspeakable advantage, both to the public and private, if men would consider that great truth, that no man is wise or safe, but he that is honest."—Sir W. Raleigh.

3. "Public affairs are a public trust, to be held and administered with the same conscientious regard for the responsibilities involved as are required in the execution of private trusts."—Crapo.

5. "Honesty first; then courage; then brains—and all are indispensable."—Roosevelt.

5. "The place should not honor the man, but the man the place."—Agesilaus.

6. "We measure great men by their character, not by their success."—Nepos.

7. "In how many instances does it appear that high public office is sure to spoil a man! Put him in Jonathan, he comes out Judas!"—Chapin.



BE THE CHILD'S COMRADE.

MANY mothers who are zealous about the well-being of their children, and who attend to their daily needs in the way of education, clothing and food, with conscientious care, often neglect in the stress of

their strenuous living what is most essential of all, i. e., companionship with their boys and girls, which lays the foundation for the friendship later on between parent and child, which is so beautiful and so rare—rare, because, although the latter may love his father and mother devotedly, he seldom feels the sense of pleasure in their society that he experiences with companions of his own age. This feeling of comradeship and intimacy which most parents would give worlds to have exist between their children and themselves when the latter attain maturity, and yet take so little trouble to foster when they are young, can only be acquired in early childhood. It is in the nursery that the mother must become a playfellow and companion in order to become a friend in after years; otherwise all she has done for the children—the self-sacrifice, the struggles, the anxieties—all go for naught in forming a friendship, however much they may excite gratitude and affection.—*Exchange*.

HOW "STONEWALL" JACKSON GOT TO WEST POINT.

To what chance of youth did "Stonewall" Jackson, the obedient, slow, plodding boy owe the ability which he displayed in after life? Merely to the chance of stern necessity, which taught him that in every struggle of life, one must either succeed or fail. From boyhood his life was guided by the injunction, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, that do with thy might."

The manner in which he secured the appointment to the military academy at West Point illustrates in a forcible manner this trait of his character. In his eighteenth year, while he was serving as a constable, a West Point appointee returned to the district, discouraged by the hard discipline and harder work at the military academy.

A blacksmith who knew of Jackson's desire to study, said to the boy's uncle, "There's a chance for Tom to get an education." Jackson on learning of the vacancy, resigned his position as constable and made preparations to go to Washington which was over three hundred miles away. He knew that in two weeks the power of appointment would pass into the hands of the secretary of State. No time was to be lost. He borrowed ten dollars of his uncle, hastily packed his saddle bags, mounted his gray mare, and started for Washington.

It was in the winter time and the roads were almost impassable. The old mare gave out, and Jackson was obliged to sell her, and make his way by stage coach as

best he could. Various delays, however, made him feel very anxious and almost sick at heart, for fear he would not reach the Capitol in time. When he came to Harper's Ferry, he had so little money left that he was obliged to walk the rest of the way. He reached Washington late at night, cold, hungry and very tired.

His Congressman, Mr. Hayes, greeted him very kindly, but was somewhat surprised at his request. "I am afraid you are too late, Tom," he said, "the power of appointment passed to the Secretary this very day."

"The day isn't over until midnight," replied Tom, "and it is not quite eleven yet. It was impossible for me to get here before."

They hastened immediately to the Secretary's home, but reached there just after

that official had retired. A few words of explanation were given for their call at that time of night, and in a moment or two they found him a willing listener to their request. Such unusual pluck and determination won the admiration of the Secretary, who readily gave his assent and added, "This is the kind of youngster West Point needs; he doesn't give up easily."

Through inquiry the next day, the Congressman learned of the boy's great struggle to reach Washington and also of his depressed financial condition. Jackson confessed that he had hoped Mr. Hayes would lend him enough money to take him to West Point. In this he was not disappointed. His Congressman sent him to West Point rejoicing, where he "passed" and remained and graduated with honors.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM'S WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

THE sun, taking with him the earth and all the other planets which revolve around him, is every moment moving onward through space towards the stars, themselves members of other systems, at an enormous rate. The object of this journey, where it will lead us, and what force is impelling it, none can tell, says W. G. Bell, in the *Windsor Magazine*. The speed is terrific:

"Yet it is significant in the vast theater in which the celestial motions take place, where space and time are infinite. At some future age, many millions of years to come, it may be, the heavens will not have the appearance they have now.

"The earth's position in relation to them will have changed.

"The journey we are making is toward Hercules, a familiar constellation in the northern heavens, and attractive to those who possess telescopes by reason of the

magnificent star cluster found within it—the finest cluster of close stars in the skies.

"The evidence of this stupendous journey which the sun is taking rests upon some of the most delicate investigations of astronomy.

"Long ago it was found that the so-called 'fixed' stars were by no means fixed in the skies, but had motions which in very many cases were sufficiently large to be measured. It then became natural for the inference to be drawn, that the sun also, which is merely a star, and not a very large one, might be moving away in space.

"This general movement suggests that there is some central point which is the pivot of the whole universe, but such a point has yet to be discovered. The well-known cluster called the Pleiades was once thought to be such a pivot, but this is now easily proved to be an error. The cluster is of great general interest, however.

"Six of the stars of the Pleiades can be clearly distinguished with the unaided eye, Alcyone, the brightest, being of the third magnitude. Surrounding them is a haze of light emitted by many smaller stars, which are too faint to be individually separated, but in a telescope or camera the cluster is found to be composed of upwards of two thousand stars.

"The pace of the solar system's journey is put at something between four and fourteen miles a second! On the basis of this large figure some startling calculations can be made.

"The best-known star in the heavens is Sirius, the 'dog-star.' It is the brightest of them all, and its distance has been put at 49,000,000,000,000 miles! The figures merely convey something approaching infinite distance.

"Now, if it be the case that our sun is moving with a velocity of fourteen miles a second, it will travel nearly 442 millions of miles in a single year. Consequently, if it were traveling in a straight line in the direction of Sirius, it would reach that star in about 110,000 years.

"In the short span of human life, no change can be expected to be observed in the appearance of the heavens, but the reflection is forced upon us that if only the human race survives, a time must come, when, owing to the sun's journey, we shall not see all the stars dotted over the sky in their present perspective, and some of the constellations will have lost the forms by which they are now so easily identified."

Thus are the truths taught in the *Book of Abraham* confirmed.

THE RHINE.



IVERS were the original boundaries of nations and their beds were deemed sacred; within their depths dwelt gods, and on their banks were determined the destinies of nations. Thus the rivers were as highways, and the guides of every great hero. The poet, looking deeper, makes the river the symbol of life. As it struggles forth from glacier or rock, it is youth; it gradually develops the energy of manhood when it dashes and foams with almost unbounded power; then it is seemingly lost in the vocations of life. Like life, that finally reaches the ocean of eternity, the river flowing through the lake, eventually finds the sea. One sees in the river the image of turbulent passion, and of the dangerous obstacles which bar the way of life, from the beginning to the end.

So the Rhine comes down to us, for two thousand years, renowned among nations.

On its banks Cæsar led his legions, and Attila's army thronged its way. In later times King Conrad sailed down the Rhine to Mayence for his coronation.

Legend has flourished on the Rhine, even as history has grown on its banks. On the Rhine stood castles almost impregnable, and the Lorelei sang on the Rhine. How rich and incomparable the country through which it flows, from the Alps to its grave in the sea.

The cities of the old Empire rose on its banks, and a chain of magnificent cathedrals proclaimed the ecclesiastical power where they held sway.

The Rhine! who does not know its wealth, its legends, its music, its songs?

SOURCES OF THE RHINE.

Higher up the mountain we climb, past the last house and the last tree, still clinging to the narrow path, till we reach the Rheinwald Glacier rising in its majesty

before us. How vast and gigantic the white frozen wall appears! The clouds passing over these huge masses of frozen snow, lend to them a gorgeous color, and from their depths issues a slender thread that trickles down the hills, gathering force it leaps, joyous and foaming, to the valley below. This is the Rhine. The Rhine is formed of two principal arms, the upper and the lower; a third one and smaller is described as the middle Rhine. This branch is not interesting either for history or artistic beauty.

The course of the lower arm is as wonderful as its origin, its path perhaps the wildest that ever led from the mountains to the valley. The mountain plain which lies opposite the source of the lower Rhine is called "Paradise," and the abyss into which it falls is called "Hell."

The first village through which it flows is called Rhein and the first valley the "Rheinwald Valley." The inhabitants of the town claim to be descended from the line of Barbarosa, the colonizer of the valley, when the German orders guarded the old military road over the Alps. But there are traces of a still more ancient civilization, for primitive household utensils have been discovered, and what was once a Roman temple has been brought to view. It has been thought that the glacier has much increased in size during the centuries, causing an increase of cold. And bird nests have been found of birds that have not built there in the memory of man. Here is an almost unbroken solitude, unknown to the foot of traveler or guide.

The course which the lower Rhine travels from its source to its junction with the upper Rhine is only fifteen miles. Its fall in that space over the three huge valley-steps is nearly four thousand feet. One can form an idea of its youthful turbulence and what mighty powers are at work here. The source of the upper Rhine is not so

solemn, but of exquisite loveliness. Here deep solitude surrounds us, and great boulders are scattered about. No human footfall, no sound of life, and by straining the eye forward and upward scarcely can be seen the blue of the distant sky.

Yet here springs the Rhine, and the murmur we hear is its cradle song. This is the wildest canton of Switzerland, where even now the eagle soars and the bear crawls to its cave. Glaciers are all around, covered with eternal snow. This is the original watershed, between the dark blue North Sea and the Mediterranean. In the solitude here nature unseen performs her mightiest work.

At Reichenau the two rivers meet; the one, the upper Rhine, its waters light green and clear, and the lower with its dark, black flow, which reaches far up the stream. From here they go through life united. The world has but one Rhine. But all along its path are forests, vineyards, beauty and verdure. Its waters scintillate beneath the morning sun, or are glorified, sparkling like jewels under the crimson evening glow. We are in the world of chivalry, of romance and of song. Castles gleam out of the surrounding trees, more than a thousand feet above it. Today they are nearly all ruins, the wreckage left by marauders, who, with sword and fire, destroyed in an hour that which took ages to upbuild. One can but grieve to see them, towering above the Rhine, roofless, tenantless, subject to the storms of time, where once the guard watched from the battlements, and evening songs floated over the rolling river, where the child prattled in glee, and the lady awaited the homecoming of her lord.

How full of speech these ruins! how loudly they tell of other days! A solemn silence lingers there, a beauty all their own surrounds them, while onward, ever onward rolls the flowing Rhine to its final home—the sea. *Lydia D. Alder.*

A RELIC CHAIR.

No doubt many interesting and instructive relics have been and are being lost through a lack of knowing just what to do with them and how to preserve them in a convenient form.

Brother Richard I. Mills, of West Weber, has in a unique manner solved this problem so far as some relics which are most interesting to him are concerned. He was a pioneer in this country, and much of his early labor was performed in a time when hay had to be cut with a scythe, and grain with the old fashioned cradle, when machinery for farm work was not known, when the pioneer had to bend his back to the load, and with the imperfect tools then at hand open the wilderness.

From a period of at least thirty years ago Brother Mills has saved many reliques of his early toil in the shape of the rude farm implements then in use, and which are indeed interesting in their quaintness to the generation now growing up.

Of these reliques Brother Mills has made an artistic garden chair, put together without nails and neatly painted. He has sent us a picture of the chair for the better information of the readers of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, and in explanation tells us that his four foot cradle scythe forms the back part of the chair, and the uprights on either side are formed, one by his old grub-hoe handle, and the other by a part

of his shovel handle. The cross bar on top is a spade handle, and his other tools —swaths, fork, rake, etc.,—are all nicely fitted in their places, and altogether make



BROTHER MILLS AND HIS CHAIR.

a very presentable chair. Thus upon the tools with which he has had many a hard day's labor Brother Mills may now take his ease.

OPENING THE SAN FRANCISCO SALOONS.

Now and then something occurs which shows in an unusually vivid way how great is the evil for which drink is responsible. San Francisco is furnishing a lesson at the present moment. One of the first measures of safety which followed the earth-

quake and fire was the rigid closing of all the saloons. It resulted in keeping the city freer from crime of all kinds and freer from disease than it had ever been before; and that, too, although every other circumstance induced to both crime and disease.

But now the saloons are open again. How they are regarded by even the sanest of men is strikingly disclosed by the fact that ministers have been advising the women in the camps to arm themselves, and the police even are said to be counseling citizens to carry revolvers when business calls them out at night. The numbers of the police, too, have been largely increased.

This does not mean that the people of San Francisco are a bad lot, waiting only for the opportunity to secure liquor in order to show their evil propensities. It means merely that in San Francisco, as in

every other city, there is a class that can be kept decent so long as it cannot get liquor, but becomes a menace as soon as it does get liquor.

It needs a lesson like this to rouse the minds of people to the seriousness of this great problem. There is hardly a greater question in public life today, and it is only when the minds of the people are awakened, and when the matter is studied as gravely and earnestly and conscientiously as it deserves, that any satisfactory solution will be found.—*Exchange.*

BY THE WAY.

THE life of the visiting nurse is one of sober and sad realities, and it is fortunate that many a bit of humor comes in to brighten the daily work. Some of these "lighteners of labor" are quoted in "Charities and the Commons." The first incident pertains to a Mrs. Partington of the slums:

Mrs. Brian was calling on a friend who lived round the corner, and who had an ulcer on her leg. After expressing her sympathy, she remarked, by way of advice:

"Now why don't ye have a trimmed nurse? She'll put fertilized rags on yer sore, and it'll soon be well."

A case called one nurse into a Chinese section of the city. Every day she passed two Chinese at work on the lower floor of the house where she went, and always nodded good morning to them. At last came a day when only one John was to be seen.

"Where is your partner?" asked the nurse.

"Him in ho'ptal," was the reply. "Clis-tee-an gentleman hit 'im on the head."

"And who are you?" asked a nurse of a small child of seven who opened the door

for her. She had never seen the little girl before, although she had been visiting the house for some weeks.

"Please, ma'am," came the answer, "I'm gran'ma's little niece."

Selected.

WHEN BABY HOLDS HER BREATH.

When baby holds her breath sometimes,
And get's black in the face,
You ought to see the scurrying
And foaming 'round the place;
They telephone for father
To bring the doctor quick;
Grandma cries and wrings her hands,
And Sister Jane turns sick;
And Ned and Nell and Jack and me,
We're frightened plum to death,
'Cause mother won't 'splain to us
Why baby holds her breath.

But when they give her what she wants,
And baby's well again,
And chews on father's watch and grins,
You ought to hear them then;
They call her lovely angel,
And bless her heart she smiled;
The one that grandma loves the best,
And father's sweetest child;
And mother says to Ned and us:
"You'll surely be my death;
What makes you ask me questions
While the baby holds her breath?"

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF CAIN.

II.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

THE words of Cain when the Lord said to him, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" are the words of every man who disavows the responsibility he owes to his fellow-man; they are the words expressed in the conduct of those who repudiate the duties they are under to others. The words of Cain in which he assumed an indifferent concern for his brother, were spoken after he had committed a most awful crime. To pretend the virtue of minding our own business, to be silent when we ought to speak, to be indifferent when we ought to act, constitute a violation of the great command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The violation of that command has from the time of Cain been expressed in the words: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

There are many people in this world whose own selfish lives, whose ungrateful conduct and stolid indifference they undertake to make virtues of by the pretension that what they are doing and saying is out of a high regard for the liberty of others into whose conduct they are above inquiring. True, it is a virtue to mind one's own business, to resist a morbid curiosity, to respect the rights and liberties of others, but we are not therefore justified in letting others alone when we should be helpful; and it is to be feared that many assume the virtue of minding their own business, when in reality what they call minding their own business is simply an excuse for a wrong or neglect which they have perpetrated. There are times when it is our duty to speak for others, to know others, to feel for others, and the neglect of that duty is a sinful disregard for the obligations the Lord has put us under to answer when we are the keepers of our brothers.

One of the sins of the modern world is the growing tendency to let every man carry his own burdens, a tendency which has given rise to the remark akin to the words of Cain: "I have troubles of my own." Such a spirit is the outgrowth of a false idea that every man's burdens are all that he can bear. The nearer we approach the spirit and mission of Jesus, the stronger we are and the better prepared to bear the burdens of others. Christ could say, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." The burdens He carried were the burdens of this world—the cares, the sorrows, the sins others.

How different from the answer of Cain were the words of Jesus recorded in that beautiful prayer in the 17th chapter of St. John: "I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world; thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word.

* * * While I was with them in the world, I kept them in my name; those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition; that the scripture might be fulfilled."

Every man who has resting upon him the responsibilities of a family, every man whose calling in the priesthood makes him answerable in a large measure for the conduct and happiness of others is his brother's keeper. The more perfectly he fulfills his duties, the less disposed he will be to make excuses and make evasive answers. The spirit of evasion always manifests itself in the neglect of a duty, and the shirking of a responsibility. Neglect and wrong doing take out of men's lives the frank and guileless spirit which God put there. It is so natural for men to assume virtues when they have sinned, that the world is full of men and women who answer the roll call of duty as Cain

answered the call of Jehovah. The sham of false pretensions will all be laid bare in God's own due time and men will be known for what they are. T.

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

XIV.

My Dear Son:—

I SUPPOSE every father is ambitious that his son be a polished man; and in this letter I would like to make you understand what it means to have a polished nature. In the first place you should know that only certain natures will take on a polish, just as certain kinds of wood can be made to shine. You will understand what I mean when I tell you that you cannot put a nice polish on a piece of quaken asp or pine. They are soft, their fibers are loose and coarse; and if they are made to look well at all, they must be covered with varnish.

Now among people in this world there is this notable distinction, that some to look well at all must be varnished—the coarse, loose, irregular fibers of their natures must be covered up. On the other hand, there are those, like oak and mahogany, who are so fine in their texture, so constant, so true, so equal, that like these hard woods they are susceptible of a polish which reflects the life about them. You will understand from this comparison what I mean when I say there are certain natures that can be polished. and you may therefore naturally wonder whether natures like the oak must be born, or whether they can be cultivated.

We all come into the world in this respect dual beings—beings of natural or inherent abilities, and beings of capabilities, that is, our mortal lives can be improved, and when they are cultivated, take on many excellent qualities. Now the textures of your being is like the texture in wood, it grows unseen. It is covered by external circumstances, a bark that con-

ceals the real fibers of your being. Whether you shall be capable of polish is left for you to say. That will depend upon your real life, your thoughts your feelings, it will depend upon your desires. So that if you go on in life silently thinking about that which is good and true, and noble, and kind and helpful to others, your nature takes on a refined quality that is susceptible of real polish. Without these finer and more perfect fibers of our being, no amount of external application will ever make us polished beings.

Men who are coarse in their lives, vulgar in their language, gross in their natures, men whose secret motive and hidden desires are unworthy, can never be truly polished men. If they are made to look well at all, they must be varnished. So that when you see a varnished man, you may be sure he is thus coated because his real inner nature is not fit to be looked at. If your life is a polished one, it will be a beautiful one, whether you are dressed well or poorly, whether your society is sought by the pleasure loving, or whether you live in worldly obscurity.

You know that furniture looks beautiful when plain, if it is made out of hard wood. It is the cheaper, commoner lumber that needs scroll work and carving to make it at all pleasing. You are now young and capable of taking on solidity that in years to come will give you a quality that will make it easy for you to take on the polish of a noble and intelligent manhood. You have, perhaps, noticed that a piece of polished mahogany gives beauty to whatever it reflects. So in life, the truly polished man is constantly reflecting that which is beautiful and true in his surroundings.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XXXVIII.

If you knew the light
That your soul casts in my sight;
How I look to you,
For the good and true,
The beauteous and the right!

Robert Browning.

Fawn's party.—Maud filled with remorse.—
Grandma Rafton and Aunt May consulted.—
Jem and Fawn get into it.—Something else
happens—Carl persuaded to visit friends in
Burnham.



T was indeed a pleasant surprise to the merry guests who gathered at Judge Lotzie's on Thursday evening, to find among them a newly married couple, Jenni's brother Ted as the happy bridegroom, and his charming, though rather quiet and reserved, young bride; and much attention was shown them.

Polly Rafton had a long talk with Ted during the evening, about Digit, with whom she had occasionally corresponded. She expressed herself as being much gratified to learn that Digit, at no distant date, was to be married to the pretty daughter of a worthy printer.

"My brothers will stop teasing me about him now, I guess," she said, "and I shall consider myself free to accept the attentions of someone else."

Mrs. Edward O'Lang, nee Maud Mathews, was already growing very penitent, or rather very much concerned, over the hasty step her great love for Ted had led her to take, contrary to the wishes and

designs of her parents, particularly her father. The fact that Nannie Hetherley's boy continued to look at the course Ted and his bride had taken with much disfavor, was one great cause for Maud's disquietude. If Carl would only approve, would only come to see that under the circumstances the runaway match was but natural and the only alternative, Maud told Ted, then the matter could easily be settled with her mother, and afterwards with her father. But Carl proved hard to be convinced. And the boy shoemaker came to appear as a stern, relentless old guardian in the case, instead of a boy with youthful feelings and emotions, who should have entered heart and soul into sympathy with the young truants, and been eager to assist in procuring the forgiveness of the parents, whom everyone allowed, would have just cause for feeling hurt and hard towards their daughter and their undesired son-in-law.

The truth was, Ted and Maud said the wrong things to Carl in trying to get him to look at the matter just as they saw it, and to consent to write to her parents, or, better still, to accompany them back to their home, and aid in settling things there in an amicable way. They didn't know Carl's weak points, for he had them, like other mortals. They had no idea that there was any selfishness in Carl's nature, but there was.

And here an explanation of his state of mind at the time is necessary. Hints had often reached him, through Ted's letters and otherwise, of the beauty and excel-

lency of character of Maud Mathews, and his liveliest interest had been awakened in her. Then, in his youthful fancies, he had brooded tenderly over the strong ties which must necessarily exist always between them, because of the great affection their mothers held for each other.

And in imagination at least, if not in reality, Carl had been for years devotedly in love with Maud Mathews, without ever seeing her or even corresponding with her. It had seemed to him a settled proposition that as soon as he should get to be well enough off to marry, he had only to go over to Burnham and make personal acquaintance with the girl he had loved so dearly, marry her, and bring her to Hetherley Home, to abide in blissful enjoyment with him forever. Romantic? Yes, indeed! If to be a romancer could be counted sin, Carl was, without question a grievous sinner.

But let us not count it so bad as that. And admitting that all men are weak where women are concerned, and all women are weak where men are concerned, let it be considered only an exhibition of human nature in Carl to feel personally affronted and injured when Ted stepped in and married the girl he had been intending so long should certainly be his own wife, unreasonable as it was in him to feel so.

No one knew what his thoughts and calculations had been on the subject, not even Jem, his bosom companion. But Carl could not take that into consideration then, in his extreme disappointment. He didn't want to act the fool and give people occasion to talk of his silliness; but he knew he had never before felt so foolish under any condition as he did then, or so incapable of deciding what course he ought to pursue.

He did not realize at first how greatly troubled he was over the affair, and in fact, he might never have felt so keenly

regarding it, but for the imprudent course Ted and his bride unwittingly followed. It seemed to Carl that Maud, now a married woman, was altogether too affectionate in her talk and her manner towards him, in her persistent coaxing and pleading with him to arrange his business so it could be left for a while, and go with Ted and her to Burnham for a visit.

She would keep telling him, however much he tried to turn her from the subject, that no one in the world had been talked of so much in her home of late years as the son of Nannie Hetherley. Nannie, whose wisdom and generous courage had saved George Mathews and his wife from life-long separation and sorrow, and secured to them at least the beginning of their so far successful career. And the boy—Nannie's boy, of whom they had heard so much that was favorable that they believed in him, as being noble in character and trustworthy in counsel, like his mother. Oh, if he would only go with them, and speak to her parents in behalf of their disobedient daughter and her self-willed husband, she was sure that pardon would be granted them!

And Ted was altogether too determined that Carl should drop everything else and go to Burnham for a while. Not for his sake, but to comfort his wife and make her feel that she could dare to face her father and mother again.

A desire to be avenged of the wrong which (in Carl's untutored imagination) had been done him in the marriage of Ted and Maud, came into his heart once or twice, and he felt like telling Ted he hoped Mr. and Mrs. Mathews never would forgive him for stealing their daughter. Or, that he would like to fight him once more, and see if he could hurt him again as badly as he did that other time. But instead of giving vent to these disagreeable feelings, he grew sullen, and simply said he could not and would not leave poor Jem alone

in the Home. It would be unfair to do so.

In Berryville, as in many other localities, old and young people often came together in social parties, such as Fawn was giving to her own and her parents' friends. Grandma Rafton and her daughter were present on that occasion, and Carl felt relieved when the thought came to him that it would be well to consult them in relation to the perplexing question which Ted and Maud still refused to drop as being answered.

He was glad, a moment later, to see Aunt May's fan flutter to the floor, as it gave him the opportunity of crossing the room to pick it up, and he gallantly retained and waved it for her, taking the seat which she moved along on the sofa to make for him.

He found attentive listeners in Aunt May and her mother, while he told them the true story of the young married couple, and how they were trying to get him mixed up in it, coaxing him to go home with them and intercede before the injured parents in behalf of the run-a-ways.

"I will not go and leave Jem alone at Hetherley Home; it would be unwise in me to go, anyhow; do you not think so?" he asked at the conclusion of his story. He had told all except the one sacred little secret of his own heart, that he loved Maud. If the two women whom he consulted had been given to know this particular point in the state of affairs, they would doubtless have advised him to stand firm by the resolution he had formed. But being ignorant of that important feature, they both said:

"Go, Carl, by all means, and bring about a peaceable termination of the matter if you can. If you should not be as successful as these young friends of yours have faith that you would, you will still have the consolation of knowing that you have not shirked a duty, but had done your best. And as for leaving Jem alone,

he is old enough to look after himself and the place for a while, isn't he?"

Jem came up to Carl just then with an unusually bright and animated face. "What do think, Carl?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Carl, "You look wonderfully pleased. Can't tell what to think, unless Ted has turned to teasing you instead of me to go home with him."

"It isn't that, Carl," answered Jem. "You object to leaving me alone. And you will not have to. Fawn and I have concluded—with the full *consent of her parents*—here Jem bowed very low to Carl, and laughed lightly.

"To get married right away!" said Aunt May, anticipating the finishing clause of Jem's remark.

"Yes, that's it, Aunt May. The Judge is going to announce it, and then he will give me his daughter, and she will keep house for me while you go visiting, Carl. Are you glad?"

"I ought to be, Jem; yes, I am!" Carl declared, but a feeling of more extreme loneliness than his heart already held came over him at the same time. Even Jem could never be the same to him any more than he had been; he was awakened from his own early love dream, and he felt that his life would henceforth be a desolate one. But he smiled bravely, and told Jem he could say to Ted, that with the arrangements which seemed to be forming, he felt inclined to consider his request more favorably, and would, perhaps, go home with them after all.

The guests were again agreeably surprised when Fawn's pleasant sociable was suddenly turned into a happy wedding party, and the young folks liked it immensely,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I want a piece of cal'eo
To make my doll a dwess,

I doesn't want a big piece,
A yard'll do, I dess.
I wish you'd fwed my needle,
An' find my timble, too—
I has such heaps of sewin'
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy's tored her apron
A-tumblin' down the stairs,
An' Caesar's lost his pantnoons,
An' needs anozzer pair;
I wants my Maud a bonnet,
She hasn't none at all,
And Fwed must have a jacket,
His ozzer one's too small.

I want to go to gran'ma's,
You promised me I might;
I know sh'd like to see me—
I wants to go tonight.
She lets me wipe the dishes,
An' see in gran'pa's watch
I wish I'd free, four pennies
To buy some butter-scotch.

I wish I had a cookie,
I'm hungry's I can be,
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
You'd better bring me free.
I wish I had a p'ano,
Won't you buy me one to keep?
O dear! I feel so tired,
I wants to go to sleep!

Selected.

A SOUND CURE.

[Certain doetors maintain that the best way to prevent indigestion is to whistle without a pause for a quarter of an hour after dinner.]

In days gone by, when meals were o'er,
To guard ourselves from ill,
The black, unpleasant draught we'd pour,
Or bolt the azure pill;
But now we've found, it seems to me,
A trick that's better far;
We are a happy family—
We are, we are, we are!

A whistled tune, M.D.'s have found,
All tonics will eclipse;
So volumes of the richest sound
Stream from our pursed-up lips.
Each chooses his own melody,
There's not the slightest jar;

We are a happy family—
We are, we are, we are!

My father renders "Nancy Lee,"
My mother "Dolly Grey,"
My sister, in a different key,
Works hard at "Sail away,"
My brother tries "Abide with me,"
(Six faults to every bar);
We are a happy family—
We are, we are, we are!

And as the cheery notes arise,
And soar toward the roof,
Fell Indigestion quails and flies,
Dyspepsia holds aloof.
Our health, as far as I can see,
Continues up to par;
We are a happy family—
We are, we are, we are!

London Chronicle.

LETTER-BOX.

A Blessing.

PINE GROVE, July, 1906.

We live two miles from Sunday School, but I go every Sunday that I can. Last Sunday I got scalded all over my leg very badly. Papa prayed for me that I might be better, and I was easy and went to sleep, and when I woke I was better. I am nine years old.

FERN CHANDLER.

Charade.

MILLVILLE, UTAH.

I like charades, and will send one composed of eleven letters.

1, 4, 2 is something we all should do.
5, 10, 7 is a fowl.
9, 6, 8 is something most people can do,
2, 8, 11, 3 is twelve months.
The whole is a river in Europe.

EDITH STANLEY.

A Pretty Colt.

PROVO CITY, UTAH.

We live in Provo, and we like Sunday

School and Primary. We love our teachers. There are six children of us—three brothers and three sisters. We have the dearest little colt, and its color is brown. We like the little letters. Your little friends.

HAZEL SMART, 6 years old.
THELMA SMART, 8 years old.



From the Jay Branch in Kansas:

I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I am studying the Book of Mormon. There are about fifty members in the branch. They all seem to be interested in Sunday School work. There have been two members baptized lately. I was baptized two years ago. I have two steel traps, and mama gives me a penny for every rat I catch and a half cent for every mouse I catch.

President Duffin visited the branch last Sunday, and we had a pleasant time. I am ten years old.

JOHNNIE A. HASTY.



Horses, Colts, Etc.

MURRAY, UTAH.

I am a little girl, ten years old. Papa takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and we all like it. There are four brothers and three sisters of us. We go to Sunday School, Primary and Religion Class.

We have three horses, two colts, a pig, and some chickens.

I remain, your ever interested reader of the Letter-Box,

MERELDA BERGER.



Charade.

COLONIA DIAZ, MEXICO.

I have been very interested in the charades, and will send one composed of twelve letters.

1, 3, 8, 5, 1, 3 is a vegetable.
10, 5, 1 is an animal.

5, 10, 9, 10, 5, 1 is the name of a large mountain.

The whole is the name of one of the first apostles of this Church.

I am nearly twelve years old.

JOSEPH LARSON.



The Little Girl that was Burned.

HIBBARD, IDAHO.

There are two sisters and three brothers of us. Our oldest sister, seven years old, was severely burned in a bonfire a year ago last April. She is now in the Latter-day Saints hospital in Salt Lake City. It will be a year next month since she went there. She is getting better and can walk. She loves to be there because everyone is so kind to her. I hope all the little girls that can will go and see her.

CHARLEY PETTET, nine years old.

P. S. I forgot to give my sister's name. It is Phyllis Pettet.

C. P.



Comforted Through Administration.

COLONIA PACHECO, MEXICO.

I love to read the little letters and to go to Sunday School, Primary and every-day school. I am nine years old. I was very sick with the scarlet fever. I could not sleep. Patriarch William M. Black and Counselor Newel K. Young came and administered to me, and I started to amend right away and had a good sleep. And I thanked my Heavenly Father for making me better. And I want to praise Him and show my love for Him always.

ADDIE MAY GURR.



DISCONTENT REPROVED.

I sat me down and pondered on the deeds I might have done had I been born to fame; Imagined all the glory that I might have won, Impatient with my lowly lot,—my humble name—

I am but as an unknown particle, I cried, Alone, unheeded, in this world so wide.

My heart was hot with unshed tears, and long
I sat there, dreaming idle dreams,
And musing on the lives of famous men;
How they had stirred the world with noble
 themes,
Had conquered thousands with the tongue or
 pen,
And, dying, left a deathless record to all men.

Could I have been like one of these, I sighed,
I, too, might sway a multitude with eloquence,
Or storm a citadel, or lead a band
Of gallant heroes, with fame for recompense;
Or failing still, upon a blood-stained field
Die nobly 'neath the weight of sword and shield.

E'en as I dreamed and mused, I seemed to hear
A voice, so holy, tender, loving, mild:
"Arise! take up thine arms and follow me!
There's work enough for all to do, my child,
Dream not of fame or name, of pomp or show;
But battle for the right where'er you go.

"Be brave, be true, let duty ever be
Thy guard and watchword—be thy motto love,
Thy voice e'er raise with eloquence sublime,
To point the wayward soul to heaven above.
Give good for evil, thus evil down is hurled—
The one who conquers self may rule the world."

Annie Malin.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE KITTENS.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and Mr. Root, the secretary of war, were returning from a horseback ride, when something occurred to throw a new light on the character of the famous president. They heard sharp cries of distress nearby.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Root.

"Kittens, I think," replied the president, turning his horse around; "and they seem to be in distress." Then he began an investigation, and discovered that the melancholy chorus issued from the open basin of a drain.

The president beckoned to two urchins who, from an awed distance, were watching the performance.

"Will one of you boys crawl into the opening while the other holds his legs?" President Roosevelt asked.

Sport like that, with the greatest personage in the United States as umpire, could come reasonably only once in a lifetime, and the boys grasped the opportunity.

"That's it," exclaimed the president, "Now, what do you find there?"

"Cats in a bag," called out the boy with his head in the drain. The other boy sturdily clung to his companion's legs. The kittens, unaware that their plight had stirred the sympathies of the head of a nation, and that their deliverance was at hand, wailed as if a new calamity were about to befall them.

"Drag them out," came the command.

In a moment the president of the United States, the secretary of war, and two excited youngsters stood around the rescued litter. Three forlorn kittens struggled feebly. Then the wrath of the leader, who had hunted wild game and shot down lions, blazed out upon the wretch who had flung the kittens to die in slow agony.

The commotion brought out a wondering butler from a neighboring residence.

"Will you care for these little kittens?" asked the president; "give them milk and a place to live?"

Had the man been asked to become a member of Mr. Roosevelt's government, he could not have responded with more heartfelt eagerness.

The president thanked him, told the astonished urchins that they were little men, and joining the secretary of war moved on to the White House.

It is hardly necessary to add a moral to this true story, as any intelligent boy or girl must see that if the president of the United States, the elected ruler over seventy-five millions of people, can find time to render a little act of mercy to poor little kittens, there can be no excuse for a boy or girl neglecting to do his or her duty by the so called "lower animals" whenever any of them are found in distress and needing assistance.—*Cat Journal.*



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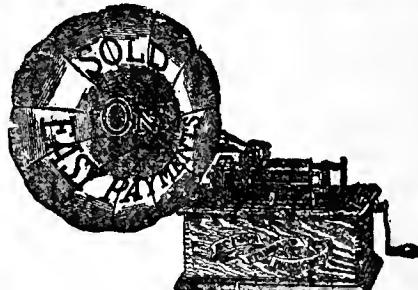
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